

**if you be my
star, i'll be your
sky; you can
hide**

Filaceous

if you be my star, i'll be your sky; you can hide underneath me and come out at night by Filaceous

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

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Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Mentions of: - Character, Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier's Parents, Sonia Kaspbrak

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/ Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Usually, Richie didn't let these things get to him. Usually, Richie found new ways to bottle up his emotions and seclude himself from others. Usually, it never got this bad.

Now was not one of those times.

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Author's Note:

[the song i got the title from, if you're interested](#)

Usually, Richie didn't let these things get to him. Usually, Richie found new ways to bottle up his emotions and seclude himself from others. Usually, it never got this bad.

Now was not one of those times.

Richie found himself yelling – screaming, even – back at his parents, something he usually avoided. Most of his counterarguments would consist of quiet, straight-faced witty comments, if he even bothered arguing... but, this time? This time was different. Richie's parents had been drinking and things always, always got tense and heated when Richie's father drank. Richie usually didn't get involved. He wouldn't have gotten involved tonight, either, had he not just watched his Dad shove his mom down onto the ground (and hard, at that). He'd shot up and screamed and yelled and stood between the feud until he, himself, caught a sharp and stinging hand to his cheek from his father.

Through gritted teeth and clenched fists, Richie made his way out the front door and onto the street where he ran – practically sprinted down the street until his legs were burning and he was panting, sweating, heaving - he wasn't entirely sure of where he was and that's when he allowed himself to crumble. And crumble he did - quite literally falling to his knees and sobbing, full-on wailing into his hands because god damn it, what did he do to deserve this? He was so frustrated, so angry, so sick and tired of feeling like this, of having to listen to the constant nagging and arguing of his parents.. and, god, when they weren't fighting they'd just flat out ignore each other – ignore Richie. He found himself digging his fingernails into the soft, fleshy part of his palm, trying and failing to catch his breath and calm himself enough to stop crying.

That's when he stood up, legs and brain working together almost on

autopilot, almost as if they'd been fused together but the rest of Richie was unplugged. He'd looked up at the structure when he got there, watching the way the glare of the TV in the living room where Ms. Kaspbrak had been inevitably been sleeping flashed against the window, dulled out to only blueish hues from behind the somewhat-see-through curtains.

Richie made his way around and to the back of the house, pausing to see if he could hear Eddie – and he couldn't. A quick, sharp inhale followed by a small grunt as he pulled himself up to stand atop the other's kitchen windowsill. He used that as leverage to climb up higher and into the other's bedroom window (which had been left cracked open). With a harsh squeak from the window as he pushed it fully open, he was crawling in, once again panting and heaving because Jesus fuck, it'd been a while since *he* was the one sneaking into *Eddie's* room. Usually, it was the opposite – Richie sneaking Eddie out of his room and to his place, as not to risk waking Ms. Kaspbrak.. but Richie couldn't care any less now.

As expected, Eddie jumped awake with a start – he looked like he was midway to grabbing something from under his bed before he visibly relaxed, sighing, closing his eyes for a moment. When he had opened them back up, he parted his lips and he looked undoubtedly angry, like he was about to chew Richie out like he never had before... but then, like a switch had been flipped, his face dropped. Richie was suddenly hyperaware of the wetness on his cheeks and brought a sleeve up to wipe at them, giving a weak little sniff.

Eddie wasn't entirely sure what to say. He'd never seen Richie like this. Richie was... he was strong. He was one of the strongest, one of the most emotionally reserved people in the group, hiding all of his anger, all of his sadness behind stupid little jokes. Everyone in the group knew that, really, and usually shared a worried expression among themselves when he came to one of their weekly hangouts with a new bruise he didn't have the day before at school. Richie would avoid said bruise, and make up some shitty excuse – he never was a good liar – about falling, *you know me, guys, I'm a clumsy fucking idiot*, and change the subject before anyone else has the chance to interrogate him.

Richie was always the one there to comfort Eddie, and it had never

been the other way around. Eddie can recall a few different moments; Richie holding Eddie's face in his hands, turning it towards him, *no no – stop! look at me, look at me*, in the house on Neibolt. Richie hugging Eddie tight against his chest after they had made their pact – their blood pact, not caring about the bloody print Eddie had left on his back. Richie rubbing Eddie's back, urging him to relax, that *you're okay*, that *I'm here* when he's sent into an asthma attack for the first time since he'd thrown away his inhaler – but revealing afterward that he'd had one in his back pocket in case things got too bad.

Eddie was shoved out of his thoughts, though, when Richie began to speak. At first, all that came out was a whimper and Eddie watched as two big, fat tears made their way down Richie's already tear-stained cheeks. Eddie wanted to reach out and wipe them away, wanted to pull the boy into his chest and kiss his head and tell him everything was okay, but he was frozen, heart pounding into his throat.

"It's.. it's comin' down real hard out there, isn't it?" Richie laughed, quiet and totally devoid of humor. He didn't bother wiping his tears. Eddie looked out the window – it was clear, silent, dark. "...got me all wet."

He almost opened his mouth, almost said '*Richie, it's not raining, what are you talking about?*' but made the connection as soon as he saw Richie's pleading look. Eddie gave a shaky breath out in return.

"Yeah," he replied, voice barely above a whisper. "Why don't you come sit with me? There's plenty of room." There really wasn't – Eddie had a full-size mattress, which wasn't *small* by any means but Richie was 6 feet and 3 inches of long, lanky, bony limbs while Eddie stood at about 5'7" from the time he hit his growth spurt (he was a late bloomer, too) and didn't grow anything above that.

Richie didn't hesitate, though, didn't argue, didn't even make a witty comment about 'sleeping with' Eddie like he usually did when he was upset like this – instead opted to climb into bed, those noodly legs of his finding their way between Eddie's and tangled into him like his life depended on it. Richie was – well, he was always a touchy-feely person. He liked to wrap an arm around Eddie and wasn't afraid to poke at his sides or pinch at his cheeks just to be irritating, but he'd

never been affectionate like this. Eddie didn't bother questioning it and opted to wrap his arms around the trembling boy who, in response, buried his face into the other's slightly-too-big sleep shirt and inhaled.

"You're okay," Eddie breathed, which drew a small sob out of the taller of the pair. "I'm here."